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FORGET-ME-NOT

BY

C. Jay Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK C. BROMLEY

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FORGET-ME-NOT

A POEM BY

Jay Smith.

ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANK G. BROMLEY.

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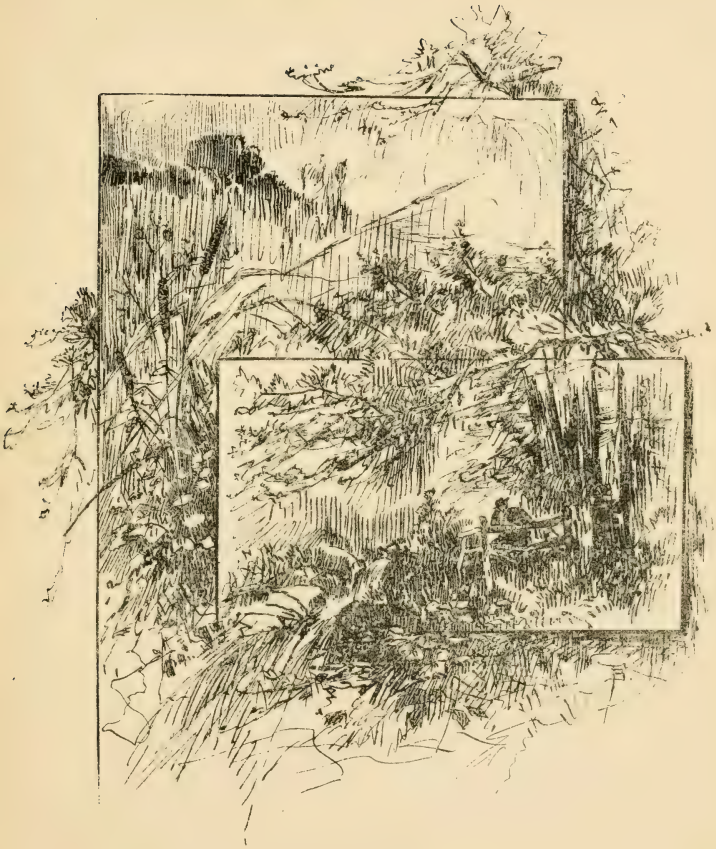
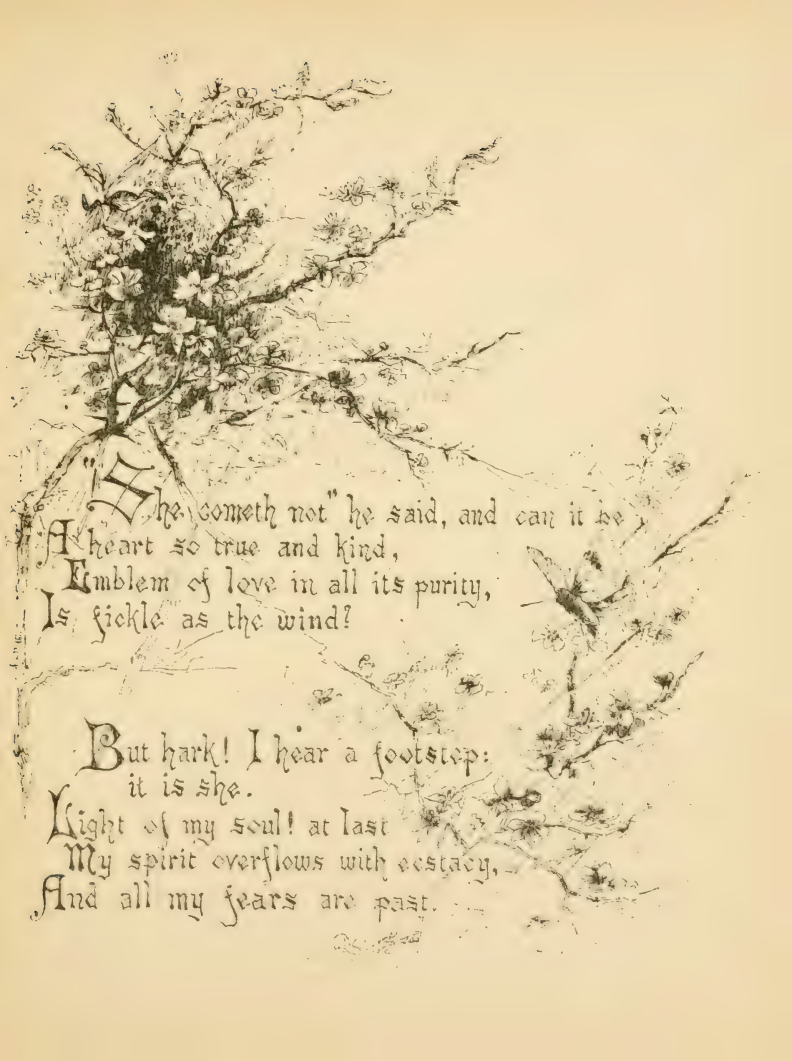
1882.

"The sun was shedding forth its last faint ray,
And night was falling fast."

'Twas late one calm, delightful summer's day,
In years that long have passed;
The sun was shedding forth its last faint ray,
And night was falling fast.

Beside a running brook, that murmured low,
And flowed through meadows fair,
A lone youth dreamed, and waited long ago —
Why doth he tarry there?





"She cometh not" he said, and can it be
A heart so true and kind,
Emblem of love in all its purity,
Is fickle as the wind?

But hark! I hear a footstep:
it is she.
Light of my soul! at last
My spirit overflows with ecstacy,
And all my fears are past.

"And flowed through Meadows fair."

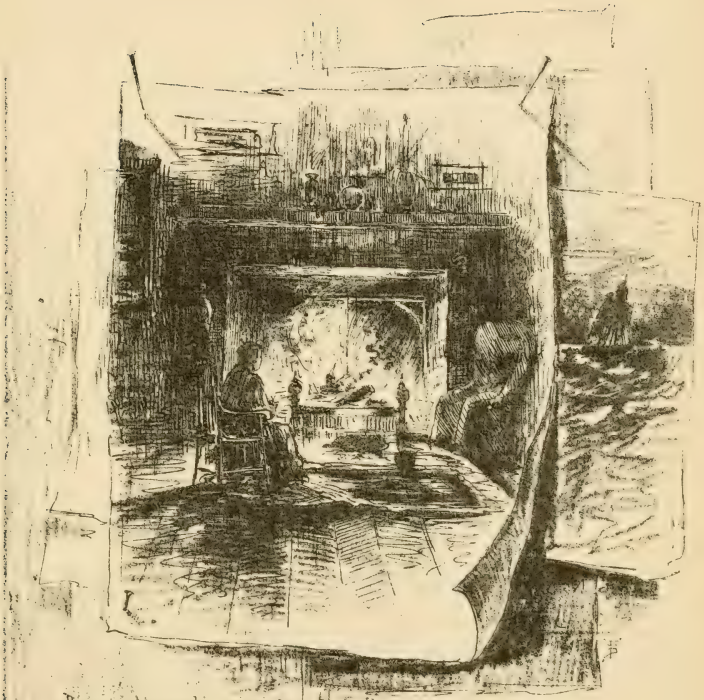
They wander on amid the sylvan bowers,
And not a sound is heard,
For hearts are saddened by the weary hours
Born of bright hopes deferred.

To-morrow and the idol of her love
Must hie to lands afar,
He points to her the glittering worlds above:
Calls her his morning star.

SYLVAN

His eye grows brighter as he speaks
with pride
Of journeys that are o'er,
When he will come to claim her for his bride,
To leave her Nevermore.

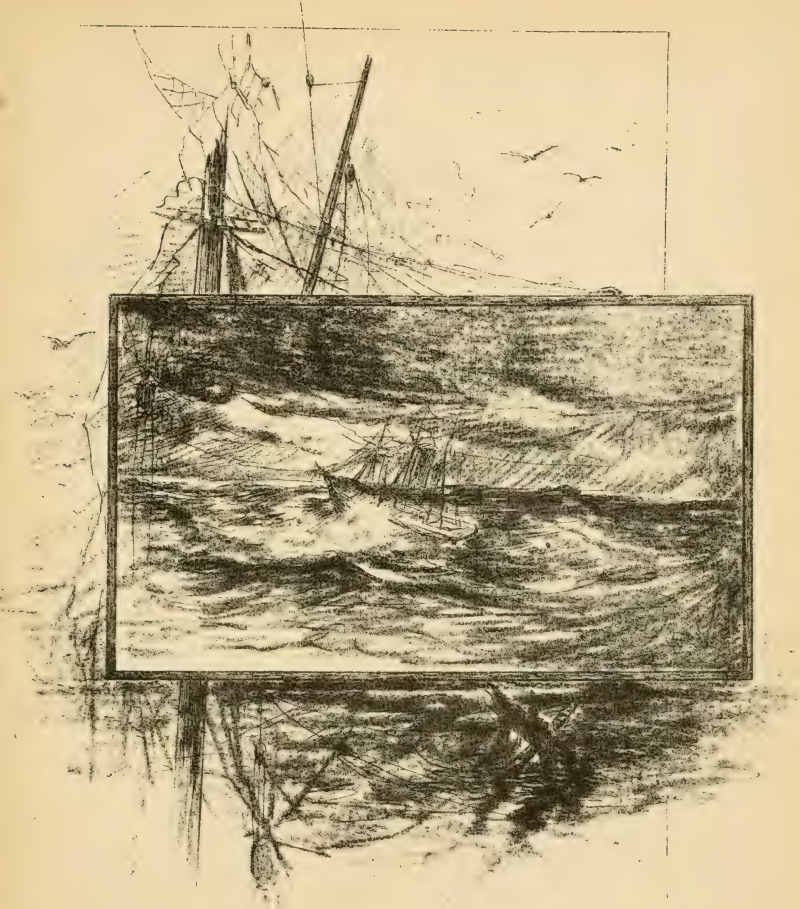
But days, and weeks, and months, and years flew fast,
And still no message came
To say the tender love of days long past
Dwelt in his heart the same.



Days, weeks, months, years flew fast.
And still no message came.

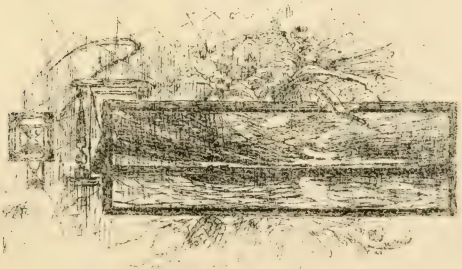
Oh do not chide him, for his heart was true
Courageous, strong and brave;
His sad and lonely fate she never knew,
Beneath the Ocean wave.

Lashed to a mast, his face turned to the skies,
He thinks of those last hours;
He sees her image, and his spirit flies
To bright immortal bowers.



But she was full of hope; and faithful still,
Oft as in days before
She lingered fondly by the murmuring rill
That told the story o'er.

Oh loving maiden! in whose faithful eyes
Shines forth such light divine!
A trust so pure shall live beyond the skies,
Eternal love is thine.



Oft as in days before
She lingered fondly by the murmuring rill.

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